



## What You Need by lauradani

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**Summary:** A slightly drunk and certainly less-inhibited Sheriff Hopper is nursing his pride after being stood up at Enzo's by Joyce. She comes by to apologize, harsh words are traded and she leaves unable to get something he said out of her mind. Rated M for explicit scenes.

## What You Need

He was angry. Joyce had stood him up, and the whole town had seen him act like a drunk fool at Enzo's. After all this time, she'd finally agreed to something date-like, and that was good enough for him. More than good enough. He'd bought a fancy new shirt and suffered the presence of that pompous, irritating waiter, and yet, Joyce had still stood him up for another one of her crazy theories, going to Scott Clarke's house to talk about magnets instead of Enzo's. He'd spent the whole day looking forward to seeing her, and after coming home and finding El and Max in her room instead of Mike, he felt thoroughly chagrined and sank into his recliner, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

He needed something to drink. Disregarding the haze his thoughts were already in, he got up and opened the freezer to get some ice, cracking the tray loudly. Grabbing a small tumbler from the cabinet he poured himself a glass of scotch, the ice making a satisfying sound as the amber liquid hit. He'd rather drown himself in the sweet burn of decent scotch than face today's humiliating rejection. The TV droned in the background, and he felt himself almost slipping into a dark sleep when a faint knock at the door broke through his drifting thoughts.

"Hopper?" A small voice said. "Look, I..."

He quickly got up and opened the door. There she was, looking up at him from the bottom porch step and biting her bottom lip. The night behind her was dark, moths flying to the light now coming from inside.

"Hop. I just... I feel really bad about tonight, and I know it won't make sense, but I need you to-"

"Joyce." He cut her off. "Whatever crazy shit you have going on takes priority. It always will, and I guess it was too goddamn much to ask that you take a night off the conspiracy theories-" His voice rose, and her eyes flashed angrily.

"Excuse me? My *crazy* shit?" She stepped up a step and folded her arms.

"Yeah, your *crazy* shit, Joyce." He responded mockingly, not moving away even though she was unnecessarily close. "I just wanted a nice night out with a friend, something that could maybe mean that we're moving forward, away from all the fucked up stuff that happened, but you just can't let it go, Joyce. You just can't."

"Oh fuck you, Hopper. I came to apologize, but you're just a bitter drunk, I can smell it on your breath. Get over yourself for one night." She set her jaw and glared up at him, coming up to the top of the porch.

"Get over myself? Myself? I'm not the one pretending to be something I'm not, Joyce. I'm not the one standing people up." He gestured with both hands and swayed subtly.

"You need to grow up, Hopper. I'm trying to take care of our children, I don't need a third." She looked into his eyes accusingly and was met with an unexpected glint of emotion, drunkenness, and... something else. However, she didn't have time to think about that. He gave a scoff and turned to go inside, and she gave one final parting sting: "Screw you, Hopper."

He froze at the door, hand on the knob and exhaled through his nose. Turning slowly, his eyes met hers again and they were full of intention that sent a strange spark to her stomach. She turned to go, and his hand shot out to circle her tiny wrist tightly, preventing her from leaving the circle of porch light.

"Hop..."

Before she knew it, he had switched places with her, blocking her avenue of escape down the stairs and retaining his firm hold on her wrist.

"I am not a child, Joyce Byers." He said angrily. "You need to let go for once. You need to relax. You need a distraction." With every sentence he had gotten closer, and she pressed herself into the door, feeling small and helpless, reminded of just how physically powerful the small-town sheriff was.

"You made me feel like an asshole in front of the whole town

tonight." His knee had slipped between hers, and his hand had pinned her wrist to the door. "Are you going to make it up to me?"

"What?" She looked up at him in disbelief, distracted by that strange intention in his eyes and the slowly building feeling between her legs that couldn't possibly be because of his words.

The tense moment broke. She slipped out from beneath him, and stammered:

"Um... I need to go home, and you need to sober up."

He straightened up and looked away, out into the darkness, then pinched the bridge of his nose. "Yeah, yeah, of course. Go home, Joyce."

Without another word, she almost ran to her car. Hopper watched for a second, and then turned to go inside flushed and feeling the effects of the scotch. Ten minutes later, Joyce pulled into her driveway still feeling electrified and confused. She pulled the emergency brake, reached for the door handle, and stopped.

*I just need to collect my thoughts.*

She leaned back in the seat and went over everything that had happened. She felt angry of course, that Hopper didn't respect her need to protect her children in every way possible, and irritated that he had gotten drunk and had been impossible to talk to. He was self-absorbed, bitter, and bad at communicating, and yet...

She felt like she was on fire. Her mind was racing, and she leaned the seat back in an attempt to calm down.

*I know what you need, Joyce.* His voice floated through her mind, and a bolt of pure heat zapped through her. She thought of his question: *Are you going to make it up to me?* She closed her eyes and visualized the scene, her body pressed against the door, Hopper pinning her wrist and spreading her legs with his own. In her mind, she leaned forward to kiss him and bit his lip, hard. He growled: *I guess I'll just have to take what I deserve.*

Her hand slipped down beneath the waistband of her jeans, her legs

moving apart as much as the car would allow. Feeling how wet she was already, she returned to the fantasy, beginning small and teasing circles where she needed it most.

He flipped her around, pushing her up against the door and returning his knee to between her legs, running his hand in a firm grip up the back of her neck and into her hair. He gathered a fistful and then pulled her head back, exposing her neck and jawline to the light.

*You drive me fucking crazy, Joyce. Screw what you want. You shouldn't have come here tonight.* He released her hair, and pressed a flat palm between her shoulder blades, extending and locking his arm so she was pushed up and pinned uncomfortably against the door, face to the side. His hand reached around to the front of her jeans and undid the button fly, pushing them down on one side and then the other, revealing her cotton underwear to the cold air.

He moved quickly, his whole hand touching the small of her back and then sliding down into her panties, touching her slick folds with a thick finger, reaching all the way up to her sensitive clit and dragging it slowly back and out, even spreading her cheeks and sliding easily across her puckered hole.

*God Joyce, I don't know if I can control myself if you're this wet. Look at what you're making me do.* His fingers plunged into her cotton underwear again, and teased her soaked opening, making slow circles around the edge. She shivered and unintentionally bucked her hips backwards, bringing a small grin to Hopper's face. Without warning, two of his thick fingers rammed deep inside her, lifting her onto her tiptoes and his other hand moved quickly away from her back to her mouth to muffle her screams.

*Do you want more, Joyce?* He crooked his fingers forward, and she groaned into his hand, leaving her mouth open and panting. She could even taste the salt on his skin.

*Too bad it's not up to you. This night is about what I want.* His fingers withdrew from her, and she whimpered, still panting into his hand. She could hear the sound of a belt buckle being unfastened, and hitting the wooden porch behind her. He groaned, and she felt the length of his impossibly hard and warm cock resting on her back as

he pulled her close, whispering into her ear.

*Do you think you can take it? Can you make it up to me, Joyce?* He hooked his finger through the elastic band of her underwear and pulled it down to pool around her ankles. He stepped back and the cold air rushed between them, making her shiver. She suddenly felt the tip of him press against her entrance, and it felt *big*. His hand fell from her mouth, and rested in a firm grip around her small neck. His other hand gripped her hip, and he pushed inside slowly.

She groaned with need, forced to stand on her tip toes against the door, impaled completely. Squirming against his body, he chuckled.

*Be quiet.* He pulled out and thrust deeply with lightning speed, causing her to yelp, but it was choked off by his firm hand. She could feel his hard length stretching her, reaching the deepest parts of her, and her mouth fell open. His grip on her throat was sending her into a floating bliss, and his ramrod cock pistoned in and out like a machine. She could barely hear his grunts and groans as her mind floated higher and higher, blood rushing to her face and her wetness dripping between them.

His hand released her throat and the surge of oxygen and adrenaline coupled with two of his fingers now in her mouth and an incredibly deep thrust was too much for her, sending her over the edge and into oblivion. She shouted her release into the night air and quivered around his cock, clamping down and writhing in pleasure.

Opening her eyes, she was swiftly brought back to reality, looking at her house through the windshield of her car and sighing. Withdrawing her hand, she opened the glove box, wiped it with some tissues and exited the car. Walking to the door, she realized that that was the first time she had touched herself since... Dismissing the thought, she quietly unlocked the door and let herself inside. It would be water under the bridge tomorrow.